But we find ourselves too completely broken in
before we have had time to think. The universal
deduction from the Fifth Commandment, an early
imprudent marriage, our children, the mob instinct,
and our own cowed souls, these are the grave clothes
of many a man long before he comes to the tomb.
It is something that the most of us have breeding
enough to shrug our shoulders and choke it down.
If we did not, quite truly, our own world and the
entire social fabric if our example were followed,
would fall in ruins about us.

But here is a man who lifted his head to the
brazen heaven and flung defiance back in answer to
the silence of his mother's God. Here is a man
who, even more bravely, rent to tatters the careful
web of social custom and traditional duty and
went out naked. Here is a man who weighed
every respectability against some only half-
articulate cry in his own soul and dared to see, in

the white light of reality, that there was literally
no balance at all. Say what you will, judge as
you will, men have been acclaimed saints for less.
Nor did he falter. He preferred, at the lowest ebb,
to stick bills in a wintry Paris rather than barter
the desire of his soul. Had he died there we would